

Morgantown



Mirror

A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

Morgantown, (Va.) Saturday, April 3, 1852.

VOLUME III.—NUMBER 128.
PATRONS PAY ALL POSTAGE.

Published by S. S. SARGENT, Editor and Proprietor.
S. S. SARGENT, Jr., Assistant Editor.

TERMS:
THE MORGANTOWN MIRROR IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE
FOLLOWING TERMS:—
\$1.00 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE;
\$0.50 AFTER SIX MONTHS HAVE EXPIRED;
\$0.25 IF NEVER PAID, WITHOUT COERCION;
No paper will be discontinued until all
arrearages are paid up, except at the option of
the Publisher.
A subscription taken for a shorter period
than a month, will be charged proportionately.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
For 1 square, 3 weeks, \$1.00
each additional insertion, 0.25
For one square, 3 months, 3.00
do. 6 months, 6.00
do. 1 year, 10.00
For one column, single type, 1 year, 30.00
For one column, double type, 1 year, 50.00
For one column, double type, each name, 2.00

POETRY.

Nearly Nature, by Grace, & by Glory.
BY NATURE.

"Cold in trespasses and sin,"
Vile, polluted, and unclean;
Naked, miserable, and blind,
Darkened in his heart and mind,
Gotten a slave, a child of wrath,
Wondering helpless from the path,
Without hope and without God,
Without strength to seek the road.
Knowing nothing, hating life,
Spurning evil, sowing strife;
In the way that leads to death,
His best hope a puff of breath;
Of the world, he hath no rest,
Peace is stranger to his breast.
Hating God, who knows him not,
God is not in all his thought,
A despoiler of the Word,
One who will not seek the Lord.
Stony-hearted, void of faith,
And condemned to endless death.

BY GRACE.
Quickened by the voice of God;
Cleansed by his atoning blood,
Clothed, blessed; light is given;
Darkness from his spirit driven.
See the Son has made him free,
And he walks at liberty.
He is an adopted son,
Dwelt in by the Holy One!
He has found the pathway straight,
Leading to the heavenly gate.
He is strong in Christ, the Lord,
And he loves his Holy Word.
Now he knows the better part,
God has given a fleshly heart.
He will follow after peace,
Own the Lord is righteousness,
He is holy, true and just;
In the Lord he puts his trust;
Living, lives a life of faith;
Dying, triumphs over death.

IN GLORY.
Life Eternal shall be his;
He shall see him as he is;
He shall know as he is known;
He shall love the Lord alone.
All his sorrows shall be o'er;
He shall never grieve him more.
"Faith shall then be lost in sight,"
God shall be his glorious light;
He shall see him face to face,
Who has saved him by his grace,
Like his Saviour he shall be,
Sharer in his majesty.
He shall enter into rest;
He shall mingle with the blest;
He shall cast his purchased crown
At the Saviour's footstool down.
Filled and satisfied with joy,
Naught shall burden, fade or cloy!
Death shall ne'er his bliss discover;
He shall be with Christ forever!

How Missionaries sometimes Live.
The Rev. Mr. Road, after referring
to interesting and successful labors among
the Choctaws, thus refers to his
condition:

There was something peculiarly in-
teresting in this meeting to me. I
was the only white person on the
ground. I lived in pure Choctaw
habitation. At night I wrapt myself in
a blanket, and laid me down to sleep
on the roof of a tree. At meals I sat
on the ground and partook with real
Choctaw brother's wallet
scattered out upon green leaves in the
absence of platters. There I sat cross-
legged on the ground with a hunk of
hard corn bread in one hand, and a
cup of dry venison in the other.—
Sitting away with all my might, vary-
ing the exercise by an occasional sip
of coffee from my neighbor's tin cup,
I was taking first rate. Some of the
Choctaws expressed their surprise at
the ease with which I adapted myself
to them. What astonished them was
that I had not in this way for
nearly five years, when I was learn-
ing my trade.

TEMPERANCE.

From the Religious Herald.

Temperance of the Bible.

The temperance question is one of
great importance, and should be agi-
tated until the church of Christ is
brought to take her proper position,
and practically vindicate the doctrine
of "temperance," as inculcated by the
gospel. What does the gospel incul-
cate on this subject. This, every
Christian should seek to ascertain.
That drunkenness is forbidden is uni-
versally admitted. The only point
of difference regards the moderate use
of intoxicating drinks as a Beverage,
—all conceding that their use for me-
chanical or medical purposes is not
forbidden by the gospel of Christ. I
assume,

1. That the moderate use of intoxi-
cating liquors as a beverage, is a vi-
olation of the gospel of Christ.

1. I remark, That the gospel is the
proper standard of appeal on all ques-
tions of faith and practice in deciding
upon what is right and wrong; what
should, and what should not, be done.
It will consequently form the final
standard of appeal on the judgment
day, awarding to every man either
life or death—endless bliss or endless
woe according to the obedience or re-
bellion on the part of the subjects of
its obligations.

What the gospel makes wrong no-
thing else can make right, and what
it makes right nothing else can make
wrong. It is God's system, not only
for the redemption of fallen man, but
also for the government of his moral
actions. While it provides for the
remission of sins, its standard of rec-
titude is as high and holy as any ever
known amongst men. In the first
Epistle to Timothy, 1st ch. 11th v.,
Paul, after setting forth the design of
the law, as forbidding the catalogue
of crimes enumerated, adds, "And if
there be any other thing that is con-
trary to sound doctrine, according to the
glorious gospel of the blessed God."
The gospel yields to no other system
in point of the rectitude of its prin-
ciples or the authoritativeness of its de-
mands.

Its principles are perfect, its claims
supreme. It is the sum of the divine
will to our fallen world.

2. Every man is imperatively bound
to conform to what the gospel requires.
I say "every man" because by the
commission of the "Head of all prin-
cipalities and powers both in heaven
and in earth," the gospel is to be
preached to every creature—the same
facts duties and motions are to be held
forth to every man. Its recipient is
saved, its rejector is damned. But
while the unbelieving reject the gos-
pel, both as to its salvation and its
principles of government, and are
therefore condemned by it, the be-
liever cordially receives both, and in
his baptism practically vows before
heaven and earth, that he will conform
in faith and practice to the gospel of
Christ, and he will be justified accord-
ing to the scheme of mercy which
the gospel tenders to all sinners.

3. The Ministry of Christianity is
bound by virtue of their Commission
to teach the disciples, baptized part
of the nations to observe all things en-
joined in the gospel till the end of the
world. The same authority that
binds them to teach, binds the disci-
ples, one and all, to observe what is
thus taught. And no man or council
of men has the slightest authority to
require the disciples to observe more
or less than Christ commanded.
"Whatsoever I have commanded you"
sets bounds to the requisitions of the
ministry, that may not be surpassed,
but short of "all things commanded"
no minister should feel himself at lib-
erty to stop his instructions, or the
disciple his observance. The gospel,
then, being the supreme rule of right,
we proceed to show what are its teach-
ings on the subject of temperance.
This may be inferred,

1. From the objects the gospel was
intended to accomplish. God, by the
gospel, intended to reconcile the world
unto himself by Jesus Christ—that is,
to induce revolted sinners by repent-
ance, to give up whatever was wrong
or evil in its tendency, and adopt
whatever was right or good in its ef-

fects. Hence the repeated admoni-
tions, "Abstain that which is evil, cleave
to that which is good." "Have no
fellowship with the unfruitful works
of darkness but rather reprove them."
"Let your light so shine before men
that they may see your good works
and glorify your father which is in
heaven." Now, I ask, is the moder-
ate use of intoxicating drinks a good
to the world at large, or an evil and a
snare? Has it a tendency to promote
the great objects for which our Re-
deemer came, or to defeat their im-
mense accomplishment? Viewing the im-
mense evil resulting from the use of such
drinks, can it be a good work, and
will men who see it be likely thereby
to glorify God as our Father, when
the drunkard takes but little more
than we do? Nay verily. The moder-
ate use of such drinks,

1. Encourages their manufacture
and sale more than all the drunken-
ness in the land. The drunkard does
but little comparatively toward furnish-
ing a market for the article, does but
little in its consumption. It is owing
to the patronage thrown over this pro-
fitable evil by the moderate drinker, that
it moves on with such unabating vig-
or in its works of darkness. It is pat-
ronized and not reprov'd. The mak-
er, the vender, the consumer will for-
ever be able to to quiet his conscience
and fortify himself against the convic-
tions of his mind while men of morals
and piety practically declare by taking
their drinks, that there is no harm in
the matter. It is this sanction from
the moderate drinker that imparts to
this master vice its vitality and power
to hurt men. Shall those whose hearts
are pervaded by the love of Jesus—the
love of souls—an ardent desire
that the will of God should be done on
earth as it is in heaven, be found in the
ranks of those whose works, more
than the drunkard himself, impede the
great work of the world's conversion
to God? And,

2. The moderate use of such drinks
is drunkenness in its incipency, and
therefore forbidden.

It has been a fundamental principle
adopted by infinite wisdom in giving
his laws to man to forbid crime in its
incipency by forbidding its maturity,
and on the other hand to enjoin all the
incipient steps to any duty or virtue
by commanding the duty of virtue it-
self. When he says, "Thou shalt not
kill," He forbids that hatred or mal-
ice which lead to this crime. When
He says, "Thou shalt not commit adul-
tery," He forbids the lustful look.—
And so of all other crimes, in forbid-
ding the crime itself, all the steps are
forbidden leading to its commission.
Now, apply this principle which no
one can confute, to the subject in
hand, and what is the inevitable con-
clusion. Drunkenness is denounced
as the works of the flesh, classed with
murder and adultery, and the disci-
ples commanded to put it away, and
of course all the steps leading to
drunkenness are forbidden. What are
the steps leading to this crime? One
drank is one step. No one can reach
drunkenness without taking it, and no
one who multiplies these steps but a
few times can deliver himself from the
crime in its maturity.

Vain will be all the efforts of the
few staunch friends of the temperance
cause until this principle be recogni-
zed in our churches, and enforced with
all the motives furnished in the gospel
for its observance. The world will
not be temperate while the church
continues drunk. Great and merciful
God, hast thou in goodness, through
toil and sweat and blood established
a kingdom of grace in our sinful world,
committed its interests to those who
enter that kingdom, and shall their
light be darkness—their saltiness be
lost, and the great mass of human be-
ings left without the restraining influ-
ence of pious and holy example.

For more than twenty years I have
acted out the principle above submit-
ted, and my convictions strengthen
with my years, that moderate drinking,
as a beverage, is forbidden by the gos-
pel of Christ.

M. ELLISON.

The Charleston (Jefferson) Free
Press publishes thirty-two announce-
ments of candidates for office in that
county, of whom fourteen offer for the
sheriffship alone.

Why People Drink.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor
has recommended him to take a lit-
tle.

Mr. B. because his doctor has order-
ed him not, and he hates such quack-
ery.

Mr. C. takes a drop because he's
wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something
rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of
sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he is going to see a
friend off to Oregon.

Mr. H. because he's got a friend
come from California.

Mr. I. because he's so hot.

Mr. J. because he's so cold.

Mr. K. because he's got a pain in his
head.

Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his
breast.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in
his side.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in
his back.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in
his chest.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all o-
ver him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and
happy.

Mr. R. because he feels heavy and
miserable.

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he isn't.

Mr. U. because he's been disappoint-
ed.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his
friends around him.

Mr. W. because he's got no friends,
and enjoys a social glass by himself.

Mr. X. because his uncle left him a
legacy.

Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off
without a shilling.

Mr. Z. (We should be happy to in-
form our readers what Mr. Z.'s rea-
sons are for drinking, but on putting
the question to him he was found too
drunk to answer.)

THE BLACKENING TRADE.—Since
the liquor law went into force in
Maine, great quantities of bottles, la-
belled "Day & Martin's Blacking"
have been imported into that State,
and yet it is not observed that the
bottles are cleaner than before.

As a conspicuous memorandum in
his pocket-book, the Rev. Charles
Simcox wrote in large characters,
twice over, on separate pages,
"Talk not about itself."
"Speak evil of no man."

The Heathen's Land.

BY ELDER R. T. F. CARR.

O! dark is the land of the Heathen!
No Bible ray,
Shines with the light of bright Heaven,
O'er their way.

Pagan night, in darkness brooding,
Covers them o'er;
While down the broad road to ruin,
Their millions pour.

Deep, dark is that tide of Humanity
Sweeping to woe;
Soul-thrilling too is their state, as
Christless they go!

Go to the grave and to Judgment,
Meeting us there;
Greeting us with condemnation
Fearful to bear.

Their voiceless plains are upbraiding,
Each Christian here—
And o'er the broad deep Ocean,
Hovers their prayer.

They pray for the light of the Bible,
For every home;
That its soul cheering rays may gladden—
Their lowly tomb.

As they die, they would meet o'er Jordan,
Father and son,
With no link of affection there broken,
Time has begun.

(Yes, they would meet there in Heaven,
Every one:
Mothers, and sisters, and brothers—
Jesus' own.)

Dear are the links of that chain there,
Woven in birth;
Dear are the ones that ever cluster,
Round our own hearth.

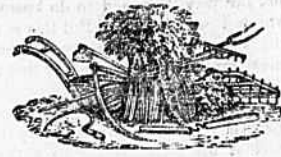
Fathers, and Mothers, and Children,
Hear ye their wail—
Nor wait them the news of salvation,
On every gale.

Give, ye, to that land of darkness,
Heaven's own dower,
And stay ye not till to-morrow,
Give it this hour.

Lo! the harvest is ripe for the reaper,
Lift up your eyes;
And the Heaven of heavens is waiting
For the bright prize.

Then, when the Great Master appeareth,
He shall say, "Come!" [plauds,
Harp and crown shall be yours, and the
Faithfully done.

PARKERSBURG, Va., Feb. 10, 1852.
[Religious Herald.]



Agricultural.

ONIONS.

The cultivation of the onion, on an
extensive scale, seems not to be well
understood in Chester county. Where
this esculent is largely cultivated for
market, sets of the previous years'
growth are not used—the article is
grown directly from the seed—the
same kind of seed, precisely, which we
use for growing sets. We, therefore,
use two seasons to perfect a growth
which may be accomplished in one.

The ground should be spaded two
spits deep and well pulverized; the
upper spit, particularly, should be
worked very fine. The manure should
be used as a top dressing, and well
mixed with the upper surface by means
of a rake or pronged hoe, or in field
culture, with a harrow. Fresh, or
rough manure, will not answer. It
should be two years old, well rotted,
very fine, and applied liberally.—
Good compost made the preceding
summer, will answer.

Lay out the ground in beds three
feet wide, with one foot alleys between
them. These alleys should be shov-
elled out six inches deep and spread
over the beds. Line those beds off in
inch squares and drop five or six seed
in each crossing of the lines, cover
them with the fingers from three-
fourths to an inch deep, and settle
the surface of the bed with the back of
the spade, or a light roller. After the
seed comes up, hoe the ground fre-
quently to keep it loose; but never
hill up. If the bulbs choose to grow
on top of the ground, let them do so.

There is one peculiarity about grow-
ing onions that will not apply to any
other crop with which we are acquaint-
ed. That is, it requires no rotation.
The longer they are cultivated on
the same ground, the better they pro-
duce. Only give the ground a liberal
manuring every year; but that manure
must be well rotted and pulverized as
above stated. There are onion beds
in New England that have been used
as such for seventy years. We hope
our gardeners will profit by this hint.

The ground should be prepared and
the seed planted as early in the spring
as the soil will be in good working
condition.—Register & Examiner.

Lice on Cattle and Ticks on Sheep.

During the winter season, cattle and
sheep are often infested with vermin,
such as lice, ticks, &c. This trouble
generally happens to those lean in
flesh. The vermin prevent their thriv-
ing, and sometimes have been known
to cause the death of the animal itself,
by the irritation and prostration of
strength which they occasion. We
have tried all of the various washes
and lotions and ointments, that have
been recommended for destroying
these pests. Many of them are effec-
tual; but it is troublesome to apply
them in cold weather. It is no small
job to wash or oil a cow or calf all
over, thoroughly, in mid-winter, and it
is not done thoroughly, the job will
have to be done again. The easiest
and most effectual mode of destroying
these vermin, is to suffocate them to
death with tobacco smoke. By having
a large tub or box, with a tube at each
end, into which tobacco may be put
and set on fire; one end of the tube
may be fitted on to the nose of a pair
of bellows, and the other applied a-
mong the hair of the calf or the wool
of the sheep, and the smoke blown in
by the bellows. The destruction of
the vermin is sure. A blanket may be
thrown over the creature, which will
tend to keep the smoke in contact
with the skin, and thus render the ef-
fect more speedy in its operation. By
having a suitable instrument made, a
largestock of cattle or flock of sheep
may be gone over in a short time.—
Hens and other fowls that are infested
with lice, may be freed from them in
the same way.—Maine Farmer.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

Deep Plowing—A Fact.

Friend Editor:—A farmer in this
vicinity, while plowing last fall, was
asked by a neighbor who, although he
had a large farm, could scarcely sup-
port his family off of it, why he plow-
ed so deep?

"Because, neighbor," he replied,
"I plowed the same way last year,
and the year before, and I found that
I plowed up a great deal of gold."

"Gold!" exclaimed the amazed
neighbor—"why how much did you
plow up?"

"Well some hundreds of dollars a
year—and I did it in this way; my
crops were twice as large where I
plowed as deep as I now do, in the
same fields where I formerly plowed
only to half the depth, and they take
less manure too."

"I don't believe a word of it," said
the neighbor, disappointed in the gold
digging. "If that is the way you plow
up gold, I am afraid you will never set
the river on fire. I go for the good
old way, and find it the best. There
is little to learn in farming which those
before us did not know."

"Well, neighbor, you may do as you
like, but I have tried both ways, and I
am more than satisfied with the result.
Indeed, by strictly persevering in it and
other improvements, I shall nearly or
quite double my crops, and hence more
than double my profits, and all this ex-
cess I consider just so much gold plow-
ed up in my fields.—Germanstown Tel-
egraph.

An Expensive Dinner.

The following is communicated to
the New York Spirit of the Times, by
its Boston correspondent, ACOON.—
The story loses none of its interest for
being a matter of fact:—

At the last "Hen Convention" in
our city, some six weeks since, a mu-
tual friend of ours, residing in the sub-
urbs of our metropolis, came to the
city in the morning to attend the "hen
fair," where he purchased a very large
and beautiful pair of Shanghai fowls
to breed from, and as he was to re-
main in town until evening, he sent
the birds by a boy, with a note to a
friend of his, living at the Albion, re-
questing that he would take charge of
the chickens until the afternoon, as he
had some matters of business that
would detain him; he also told the boy
to say that he would dine with him at
4 o'clock.

The boy delivered the fowls, but
forgot the note, and simply remarked,
"Here's a pair of rousing big chick-
ens Mr. M.—s sent you, and says
he will dine with you at 4 o'clock."

The gentleman supposing his friend
(who, by the way, knows a hawk from
a handsaw, and a canvassack from a
broiled owl,) had sent something extra,
ordered them to be given to the cook,
with directions that they be killed and
dressed at once, as he had a friend to
dine with him at 4 p. m. The order
was accordingly obeyed, and at the
appointed time the dinner was served.
After imbibing sundry "wine bitters,"
as a sharpener to their appetites, they
sat down, and the Shanghai owner
was requested to carve; and as he was
dissecting these enormous "cute mem-
bers of the Hen Convention," he re-
marked to his friend—

"You have an extraordinary fine
pair of chickens here."

"Yes," answered the other, "they
are an indifferently good sized pair of
birds; they were sent to me by a mu-
tual friend of ours."

"Indeed, were they? a d—lish
clever fellow he must be, Jim; a pret-
ty present this, and I declare they are
of the most delicious flavor I ever
tasted, and as juicy, too, as a canvass-
back duck."

And so he continued praising the
rich flavor of the chickens, until they
had taken care of a couple of bottles
of Schrieler, and while chatting over
their bottles of sherry, and enjoying
their regalia, the owner of the Shang-
hai said—

"By-the-bye, Jim, what do you think
of my hen purchase this morning?"

"Why, Bill, I think they were most
delicious, and wish you would dine
with me every day in the week if you
will send me such chickens."

"Such chickens!" cried Bill, as the
thought flashed across his mind that
he might possibly have been eating

his Shanghai, "What the d—l do you
mean?"

"Mean?" replied Jim, "why, I
mean to say that you dined off those
chickens you sent me this morning."

Bill instantly jumped up from the
table and rained his hands up to his
elbows in his breeches pockets, and
after striding across the room some
half-a-dozen times, without uttering a
word, but his eyes all the while with
"fine frenzy rolling," stopped short,
and turning to his friend, exclaimed,
with no little gesticulation—

"Good gracious! Jim, I paid thirty-
five dollars for that pair of fowls,
this morning! Didn't that cursed
boy give you a note when he left the
chickens?"

"No," said Jim, "he gave me no
note; he simply handed me the Shang-
hai, and said you would dine with me
at 4. Therefore I had them roasted."

Bill instantly rushed for his horse
and wagon, and has not been seen in
the city but once since, and then he
was closely muzzled up, and both cars
stopped with cotton, for fear he should
hear some one say Shanghai.

A few days since, while passing his
residence I dropped in upon him for
an hour, and after a while ventured
to touch upon the different breeds of
poultry, but I at once discovered wild-
ness about his eyes; I therefore dis-
continued the topic, when he said
implying—

"Old fellow, don't hit me now I'm
down; that chicken dinner has never
yet digested!"

INTERVENTION—WHO'S AFRAID.—
They tell a good story of a scene that
occurred at the Kentucky Democratic
Convention last week. The heavy
work having been done up during the
day, the convention assembled in the
evening to taper off by "a general dis-
cussion of things in general." Gen-
eral Pilcher introduced the resolutions
of the New York Democracy in favor
of the United States Government en-
tering into a general crusade for the
regulation of the world's affairs, but
they were not received with any fa-
vor. The general, sneering at danger
that would attend such interference,
exclaimed aloud, in his speech,
"Who's afraid?" Mr. Sprigg, of
Shelby, who stood directly in front of
him, and who was in a condition for
anything, exclaimed aloud, in reply
"I'm afraid!" "Who's afraid?" re-
iterated Pilcher. "I'm afraid," roared
Sprigg. "What are you afraid of?"
asked Pilcher. "I'm afraid of the ele-
phant," said Sprigg. Of course the
roar was tremendous.—Cincinnati At-
las.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.—Gen.
Cavaignac is now a prisoner in the
fortress of Ham, in the very apartment
formerly occupied by Louis Napoleon.
Louis Philippe, the "citizen king,"
who condemned Louis Napoleon to
death, and afterwards was weak enough
to spare him, died in exile, while
Louis Napoleon seizes the reins of
absolute power in France, on the an-
niversary of the coronation of the Em-
peror, and of the battle of Austerlitz.

The National Intelligencer con-
tains the following, in a long letter
from its London correspondent, un-
der date of February 12:

"The export of corn is not only for-
bidden in Russia, but a *Maximum* price
is fixed, above which it must not be
sold at home. In all the Polish towns
the price of Rye has been fixed by
beat of drum. Whoever demands a
price higher is liable to have his corn
confiscated."

Lord Byron's Confession.—Indis-
putably the firm believers in the gos-
pel have a great advantage over all
others, from this simple reason, that,
if true, they will have their reward
hereafter; and if there be no hereaf-
ter, they can be but with the infidel
in his eternal sleep, having had the as-
sistance of an exalted hope through
life, without subsequent disappoint-
ment, since, at the worst for them, out
of nothing, nothing can rise, not even
sorrow.

Thomas Moore, the eminent En-
glish poet, died on the 26th of Febru-
ary in the 72d year of his age. He
was the author of "Lalla Rookh," "Ir-
ish Melodies," &c. The beautiful
hymn in our sacred collection, com-
mencing "O! Thou, who dry'st the
mourner's tear!" is also from his
pen.

At a recent Conference of Churches in
Groton, Mass., the identical Bible used
by John Rogers, the martyr, and carried
by him to the stake—some of the leaves
of which bear the marks of the flames—
was brought to the Conference by a de-
pendant of the martyr.